SEVEN MIMIS IN NEW YORK.

THE ROLE ALL THE SOPRANOS WANT TO SING.

Once Upon a Time They All Wanted to Be Juliette—That Was Because Jean de Reszke Was Romeo—The Popularity of the Puccini Role Less Easy to Explain.

There is usually one opera dear to the heart of the prima donna every season. It used to be the heroine of Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" that they all wanted to represent. Whether they were young or old, fat or thin, tall or short, they sighed to sing Gounod's amorous setting of the diluted Shakespearian phrases.

Some of them learned the part at a very mature age, and one prima donna, after she had triumphed as *Brünnhilde* and *Isolde*, spent $6,000 in costumes for the part of *Juliette* in the hope that M. Grau would let her appear as the girlish daughter of the Capulets. That wise impresario, however, persuaded her that the public interest in the opera had been satisfied and that it would be best to let it drop from the répertoire for a season. So narrow was New York's escape from a 200 pound *Juliette*.

Suddenly the enthusiasm of these operatic ladies to appear as *Juliette* came to an end. The number of *Juliettes* diminished until it was hard to find one.

One prima donna had forgotten to have her *Juliette* costumes packed up when she came here. Another found the music no longer suited to her voice. Another called the attention of the impresario to the fact that *Juliette* no longer figured in the list of rôles she was required to sing. Thus the overplentiful supply of *Juliettes* at the Metropolitan faded away.

What caused the loss of interest in a part that was once so alluring? Why did the ladies grow weary of this rôle? Jean de Reszke ceased to sing in the opera. In that fact lies the explanation of the end of *Juliette* as a popular heroine.

Adelina Patti used to sing *Juliette* with her husband Nicolini, and Italo Campanini had the part of *Romeo* in his répertoire when he was as admired in New York as Enrico Caruso is to-day. But that did not gain popularity for the opera. It became a managerial theory that "Romeo et Juliette" could never be made popular in New York.

When Jean de Reszke came and appeared as *Romeo* the tradition was smashed and the opera suddenly became one of the most popular in the répertoire. The woman who sang in it with M. de Reszke was sure of appearing before a crowded house, she would share in the triumph of the evening and was certain of the applause of the audience.

When the Polish tenor abandoned the opera for the Wagner rôles or removed to Europe to rest for a season no effort could galvanize the work into public favor. As one of the great attractions of the season "Romeo et Juliette" has disappeared with M. de Reszke.

M. Saléza was able to do more than any other singer. The opera languished in spite of the offices of Messrs. Alvarez, Rousselière and Naval. M. Soubeyran met with shipwreck in the work.

Mr. Grau never had less than half a dozen *Juliettes* in his company. The part of the heroine has been sung during the last ten years by Mmes. Sembrich, Eames, Melba, Saville, Suzanne Adams, Marie Engle, Aino Ackté, Bessie Abott, Camille Seygard and Sibyl Sanderson. This list excludes few recent sopranos outside the Wagnerian class.

Now it's *Mimi* in "La Bohème" that the ladies of the operatic world all want to sing. They have no such excuse as the cooperation of a popular tenor for this desire, because they are all willing to sing *Mimi* with any tenor. The rôle must be sympathetic to them and suit the voice, as there is no other apparent explanation for their infatuation.

There is no opportunity for attractive costuming. The dresses of *Mimi* must be very plain, and she has no excuse to indulge in the popular operatic embellishment of a tiara. During the first and second acts she is in the dark most of the time, and she is dying all through the last act.

She is compelled to wear a most unbecoming coiffure; the style of 1830 is always trying in every particular to any but the loveliest and youngest faces. Those facts are not important. The singers are all willing to run the risk of looking like Tante Aurore from the Rue de Provence for the sake of singing *Mimi's* plaintive phrases.

Mme. Melba has even made it a condition of all her contracts that she shall make her début in this rôle whenever she appears in a new opera house. She was the first *Mimi* in New York and produced the opera first with her company.

She was succeeded at the Metropolitan by Mme. Sembrich, who appeared in the rôle first five years ago. Mme. Sembrich is going to give the opera in Berlin and Vienna. She has never sung the rôle in the European cities heretofore and will do it with an Italian company next spring, as she has refused to learn the text in German.

Her liking for singing the part is due in a measure to the beauty of the text. Illica is a true poet, and all his Italian texts taken from other stories are literary to an unusual degree for operatic librettos.

Both Mme. Melba and Mme. Sembrich are shown in the costume of the fourth act when they are outside the Barrée d'Enfers. Mlle. Trentini, the little soprano of the Hammerstein company, is also shown in the costume necessary for the snowy landscape of the scene, but she is less afraid of the cold than the two more famous sopranos, as she is willing to go out into the stormy night with her dress cut very low.

Mme. Melba says she is in love with the rôle of *Mimi*, because the duets are so suited to her voice. She is nowadays the most buxom of all the *Mimis*. She heard the Puccini opera in London, decided to sing the rôle and then brought the work out in Boston. Singularly enough, the opera drew very small and unenthusiastic audiences during the first few years it was in the répertoire at the Metropolitan. It was necessary for the public to become accustomed to the music.

Bessie Abott and Geraldine Farrar are the two Americans who have sung the part abroad. Both are shown wearing the dress of *Mimi* in the first act and a very pronounced coiffure of the period of 1830.

Mme. Donalda is shown also in the first act dress, and so is Mme. Cavalieri, with her swanlike neck exposed to view by the low collar.

Miss Farrar sang the part of *Mimi* in Monte Carlo but never in Berlin, where the opera is not in the repertoire. Bessie Abott, who was coached in the rôle by Jean de Reszke, never makes her début in any other rôle if possible, and she selected *Mimi* as the vehicle of her first important appearance at the Metropolitan.

Pauline Donalda sang *Mimi* soon after she made her operatic début in Nice and has appeared in the opera there several times. She is a Canadian, a native of Montreal. Thus it happens that four of the *Mimis* shown here belong to English speaking nations. With two Americans and two English women, honors are easy.

It may be observed that none of these ladies would think of singing the rôle in English, as such a thing would be below her artistic dignity. Miss Abott and Miss Donalda both sing the rôle in French as well as Italian. Suzanne Adams is another American who used occasionally to sing the part with the Grau company.

There is no other part to-day that so much interests the lyric prima donnas as *Mimi* and there are enough of them between the two opera houses to give a series of "Bohemia" cycles and not require the same soprano to appear twice. The work is soon to be heard at the Manhattan in spite of the attempt to stop Mr. Hammerstein by injunction. Mmes. Melba and Donalda will embody the heroine of Murger, Illica and Puccini in the Manhattan performances, while Mmes. Sembrich, Farrar and Abott are at the Metropolitan.

NELLIE MELBA.

PAULINE DONALDO.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

LINA CAVALIERI.

GERALDINE FARRAR.

EMMA TRENTINI.

BESSIE ABOTT.

MINER'S FORTUNE TO CHURCH?

LUCKY KLONDIKER MAY LOSE THE RICHES HE FOUND.

Case of Peter Anderson, Who Was Sent to Alaska as a Missionary and Discovered Gold Mines, Which the Swedish Lutheran Mission Society Now Claims.

ABILENE, Kan., Feb. 9.—Unless he can secure a reversal in the United States Supreme Court, Peter Anderson, who made a fortune in the Klondike, will have to turn over $267,000 to the Swedish Mission Society, according to a judgment rendered in the District Court here by transcript from the courts of Illinois.

Anderson has had a romantic career. He was born in this county and lived on a farm until he was 20. Then he went to Chicago to study to be a missionary in his church, the Swedish Lutheran. A cousin gave him $50 to make the trip.

He overworked himself and had an attack of typhoid fever. He went to the hospitel and there the opportunity of his life came to him.

On the same floor as his room was the women's department. One of the patients was an Alaskan girl with Esquiman blood in her veins. As he began to recover they chatted and she told him of the needs of her people.

"I will go to Alaska and be a missionary," was his announcement to the board, and he was fitted out with clothes and money. He joined four other young men at Seattle, and they went to the Klondike and later to Nome. They found that there was much greater need of supplies than of preaching, and when the coal and fuel of other sorts they had gave out they went to search for more.

Their idea was to find a coal mine, and with this intention they went far up the creeks near Nome and sunk many shafts. They did not find coal, but they did find gold, and Anderson resigned his commission as a missionary and became a miner. He was the luckiest of all the company and his first year's cleanup was over $100,000.

On one occasion they were working alongside a miner from Oregon, who gave up the search, selling out to Anderson for $48, enough to pay his passage home. From the shaft the man abandoned Anderson took $48,000 the first year.

When Anderson came home he played the fairy godfather to his family in this country. They included his parents and their seven children, all poor. He bought the finest farm in the neighborhood and put $600 worth of furniture in the house. Then he took his parents to the place and gave it to them.

He searched for the cousin who had lent him $50 and gave him $5,000 in goods with which to start in business. He set up in business every one of his brothers and sisters and has made them all well to do.

Then he took the train for Chicago. He looked for the nurse who had cared for him during his illness and, finding her, married her.

They went to Europe on a wedding trip and then to South America, where he bought a few diamond mines and other things. In short, he was the personification of the prosperous miner, and has continued so.

Then it was that the Church began to take notice. He had been liberal. He gave to the hospital a new dormitory costing $100,000; he built a residence for the president and gave it to the college; he sent his check to another college in central Kansas for $25,000, and said:

"Please let this be announced as modestly as possible."

But the Church thought it should have more. It argued that as he had been sent as a missionary it should have all the gold he found. Suit was threatened, but he finally agreed to an arbitration. He lost.

Then he appealed to the courts and lost again, and on this finding the judgment in this county has been rendered and there will be an attempt to attack the title to $60,000 worth of land he has in this county, though it is in his wife's name.

Anderson has appealed to the United States Supreme Court and will try to have the judgment of the State court reversed. He says that he has already given the Church over $200,000 of the money he brought home and it is unfair to demand more.

His wealth is estimated at over $500,000, though he is very shy about it, and the possibility of its being much greater is evident when the number of his claims and mines is considered. Several of his brothers and friends have made trips to Nome and have secured handsome fortunes from the tips given them by Peter. But all are now home and are satisfied to remain with the Swedish colony in this part of the State.

Anderson himself lives quietly in Chicago except for frequent long trips to far of parts of the world.

A Mean Man.

From the Bangor News.

A Bangor woman sat up till 1 o'clock the other night waiting for her husband to come home. At last, weary and worn out with vigil, she went upstairs to retire, only to find her husband in bed fast asleep.

Instead of going down town he had stolen upstairs and crawled into bed, which made his wife so mad she didn't speak to him for a week.

JAPS IN BROOKLYN SCHOOLS.

THEY ARE EAGER PUPILS AND PRESENT NO PROBLEM.

Adults Found in the Night Schools Only —All Eager to Learn English—Children of East and West on Amicable Terms —Cosmopolitan Public School District.

A boarding house has been added lately to the Japanese colony in and about Sands street, Brooklyn. As it proclaims its presence by Japanese signs, it makes the colony somewhat more conspicuous than it has previously been.

Just around the corner is a Japanese provision store and further up the street is a Japanese importer's shop. From the navy yard to the bridge are the homes of nearly 200 Japanese, and near the entrance of the bridge is a Japanese mission, conducted by the Methodist Church, where a score or more of young Japanese are always to be found.

The Japanese are welcomed where the Chinese are only tolerated, and if they bring their families with them and put their children into the schools, so much the better. As a matter of fact there are now half a dozen Japanese children in Public School 1, on Hudson avenue, and the American children whether of native, Italian, Irish, German or Scotch birth—it is one of the most cosmopolitan schools in the city—fraternize with them amiably.

Some years ago at Public School 14, at York and Bridge streets, there were some Japanese from the navy yard enrolled among the day pupils. They were so very eager to learn and so polite and obliging that the teachers regret their absence. When adult Japanese want to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the public schools in these days, they enter the night classes, along with other foreign and native citizens who are eager to make up their deficiencies by working all day and studying all night.

The latest arrival among the Japanese at Public School 1 is Hara Kunitaro, who has been placed in a special class not because he is backward but just because he doesn't know enough English to keep pace with the rest of the children.

"Nicea boy," said a little Italian girl in the same class. "Always says 'Sank you!' when you do anything for him, don't make a face, don't pulla my hair, pincha my arm nor calla me 'Dago' like other children."

The lad is working hard to get ahead. He is always asking the teacher the meaning of any English word he doesn't understand, and he doesn't have to be told about the same word twice.

Hannah and Jennie Nakayama and Kazus Komateu are among the best pupils in the school. They get along pleasantly with the children and are well liked by the teachers, according to Mrs. Wade, who has the special class. It's only Principal Cornelius Fleming who doesn't like the Japanese, and who explains his attitude by saying that they are neither prompt nor regular in attendance.

But to return to the Japanese colony. Its beginning was due to the neighborhood of the navy yard. Until recently there were numbers of Japanese on every American man-of-war, employed as stewards, as cooks and in other minor capacities.

The Japanese took to the service readily because it enabled them to save money about four times as fast as they could in ordinary business life at home, and it gave them a knowledge of the English tongue which greatly enhanced their business value upon discharge. Often when their period of service expired they decided to remain in America, and many of them settled near navy yards.

"My people don't live together like the Chinese or Italians or Jews," said a polite young man at the Japanese mission, "because we want first of all to learn English, and that is best done by hearing and talking it all the time. There are two big Japanese boarding houses in New York, one in Fifty-fourth and the other on Sixty-second street, East Side, and in both they speak English among themselves. Out in Flatbush there are a few Japanese families who follow the same rule, and here, where there are more Japanese than anywhere else, it is the same."

Komateu, a pupil at Public School 1, is an example of how eager the Japs are to learn American ways. He is a bright little fellow of 8, quite on a par with his American playfellows in class work.

The Komateus have been in this country only three years. The father and mother were delighted to talk about his progress in school. Their home is furnished in American style and the boy speaks English without a trace of accent.

He wrote his name and address in a plain good schoolboyish hand at his visitor's request, but was quite disgusted when asked to write it in Japanese as well.

"I can't write Japanese," said he, "and I am not going to learn until I have finished school here."

His schoolmates, finding the name Kazus hard to pronounce, have renamed him Cassius, so the little Jap has been Latinized as well as Americanized.

Not so with his mother. She smiled and gesticulated with Oriental politeness as she listened to her boy telling about his work in school, but though she sat in a big American rocking chair she was crouched on her feet in true Japanese style. The only thing that worried the family was the fact that Cassius was on part time, like many another Brooklyn school child.

The Nakayamas live with their parents in an immaculate second floor flat. Their mother is an American woman, but the father, who is employed as wardroom steward on the battleship Indiana, is a full blooded Japanese, although he entered the American navy thirty years ago. Mrs. Nakayama does not speak Japanese, and Mr. Nakayama speaks only English to his children, so that Hannah and Jennie, who by the way are as pretty as any children you will meet in a day's journey, hardly know a word of the paternal tongue.

It is a thoroughly American household with a single grievance against this country. Some months ago a paper published the children's pictures and described them as Chinese, and since there is no great friendship between the races and the Japanese consider themselves a superior people they resented this mistake.

The Chinese are represented in the district by a few laundries and a single restaurant, that of the Fongs near the navy yard gate. The Fongs began business on Clinton street as laundry people, saved their money and are now chief purveyors of chop suey, &c., to the sailors and marines.

The scion of the house of Fong is a pretty almond-eyed boy who attends the kindergarten attached to Public School No. 1. The only other Chinese pupil in this school of all nations is George Wong. There are no social relations between the Chinese and Japanese.

The unfailing courtesy of the Japanese in their Brooklyn colony is just as marked as it is elsewhere. They seem thrifty, are cleanly and well dressed and are looked upon as desirable neighbors by the trades folk and others with whom they come in contact.

RED HOT WORK.

Josiah Flynt Tried Coal Passing and Wasn't So Sure About Hades.

The chapters of Josiah Flynt's autobiography which are appearing in *Success* have an added interest since the death of that rather remarkable young man. In the current number he gives an account of his experiences as a coalpasser on a transatlantic steamer.

"My watches," he says, "were four hours long. They began at 8 o'clock in the morning and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon; the rest of the time was mine, excepting when it was my turn to carry water and help clean up the mess room.

"The first descent into the fire room of an ocean liner is unforgettable. Although hell as a domicile has long since been given up by me as a mere theological contrivance useful to keep people guessing, going down that series of ladders into the bowels of the old Elbe the heat seemed to jump ten degrees a ladder and made me think that I might have been mistaken.

"At last the final ladder was reached and we were at the bottom—the bottom of everything, was the thought in more minds than one that afternoon. The head fireman of our watch immediately called my attention to a poker, easily an inch and a half thick and twenty to thirty feet long.

"'Yours!' he screamed, 'Yours!' and he threw open one of the ash doors of a furnace, pantomiming what I was to do with the poker.

"I dove for it madly, just barely raised it from the floor and got it started into the ashes—and then dropped none too neatly on top of it.

"'Hurry up, you sow pig,' the fireman yelled, and I struggled again with the terrible poker, finally managing to rake out the ashes."

KNIGHTS OF KIBOSH.

A Secret Society Which Flourishes Out in Iowa.

The Knights and Ladies of Kibosh is the name of a fraternal society which is gaining a large number of members of the order in this city, says the Clinton (Ia.) *Herald*. Every member is not only a deputy, but a degree team in himself or herself, and has the authority to confer the degree of the order on any desirable candidate.

There is no initiation fee, dues or assessments, which may account for the rapid growth of the organization. It had its birth on a train of the Chicago and Northwestern out of this city, where two travelling men, who hadn't anything else to do to while away the time, instituted the society, conferred the degree upon each other, and then worked it off on every one on the train, including the crew.

The degree proved immensely popular, especially with the railroad men, and soon a majority of the Northwestern enginemen, firemen, conductors, brakemen and baggagemen were affiliated with the order.

The grand hailing sign of the Order of Knights and Ladies of Kibosh is made with either right or left hand, held in an elevated position, the first, second and third fingers closed and the thumb and little finger extended and curved like cow horns.

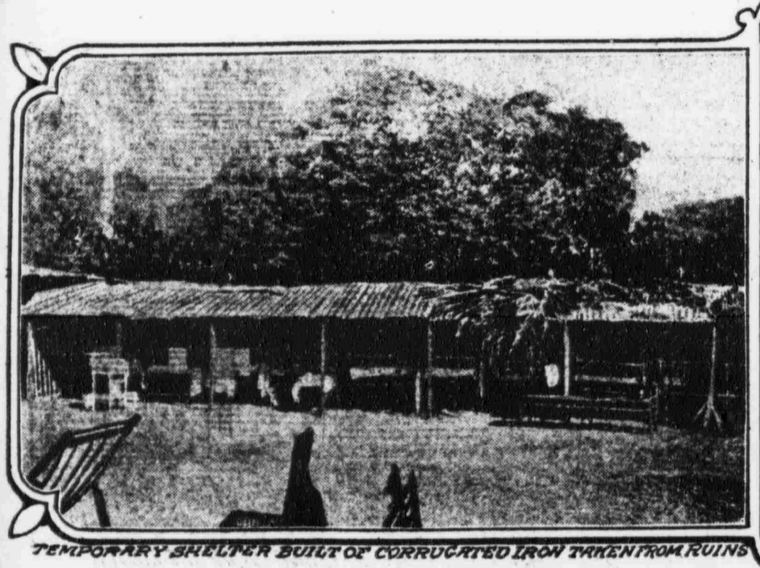
While the sign is being made the member who gives it utters in a low and distinct voice the magic word "Kibosh," and at the same time looks grave and solemn.

If the person to whom these attentions are addressed looks foolish and uncomprehending the member knows that he or she is not a member of the order and proceeds to work the initiatory degree.

The Knights of Kibosh are more numerous in eastern Iowa than were the members of the old order of Buffaloes which rose, flourished and passed away a few year ago.

Photographs of the Earthquake in Jamaica---The Ruins and the Makeshifts of the People of Kingston

General View of the City of Kingston Taken From the Top of a Telegraph Pole and Showing the Extent of the Destruction Wrought by the Earthquake—Another Picture Shows How the People Huddled the Household Goods Which They Saved Together on the Racetrack—Temporary Sleeping Places Were Afforded by Rude Shacks Open in Front and Covered With Corrugated Iron Obtained From the Ruins.



TEMPORARY SHELTER BUILT OF CORRUGATED IRON TAKEN FROM RUINS

GENERAL VIEW OF RUINS, TAKEN FROM TOP OF TELEGRAPH POLE

REFUGEES AT THE RACE TRACK.